THE HOME CIRCLE

By the Autumn Sea.

Fair as the dawn of the fairest day,
Sad as the evening's tender gray,
By the latest luster of sunset kissed,
That wavers and wanes through an amber mist,
There cometh a dream of the past to me
On the desert sands by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,
And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,
And there rises a wind from the chill northwest
That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,
As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee
Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides,
Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides;
And above the gleam of her topmast spar
Are the virgin eyes of the vesper star
That shine with an angel's ruth on me,
A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach birds gleam
Through the shimmering surf, and the curlew's scream
Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height;
The first weird sigh on the lips of night
Breathes low through the sedge and the blasted tree,
With a murmur of doom, by the autumn sea.

O sky-enshadowed and yearning main!
Your gloom but deepens this human pain;
Those waves seem big with a nameless care,
That sky is a type of the heart's despair,
As I linger and muse by the somber lea,
And the night shades close on the autumn sea.

—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

A Hedge of Goldenrod and Asters.

If the goldenrod were a rare flour and cost a dollar a spray it would quickly become more popular than many of the present hot-house-bred fads of society. But it is not one whit the less beautiful because it is common; just go out into the fields this afternoon, and pick a single spray, examine it carefully, and then ask yourself if you know any garden-plant so truly beautiful as this wonderful flower of gold. And if you wish to make in your garden the most beautiful hedge you ever saw, I'll tell you how to do it. Go out into the fields while the goldenrods and tall purple asters are at their best, and with pieces of tape or in any other way mark a number of the finest clumps, selecting, if possible, those of about equal height. Then in the late fall, when the season of bloom is over, dig up those roots, and transplant them to your garden. Set them out in a row, alternating the goldenrod with the aster, and so close together that there will be no gaps when they are in bloom next year. A double row is still better, and the most beautiful hedge I have ever seen was made thus by setting out these plants on either side of a well-kept garden path. I am not usually in favor of the uprooting of wild flowers, but as the United States boasts of some eighty-five species of goldenrod, and perhaps twice as many kinds of asters, and as these flowers fairly carpet the earth in the fall, the number which we shall take for our hedges will never be missed.—Ernest Harold Baynes, in the September Woman's Home Companion.

When a Girl Goes to College.

I hope you have been judicious in your selection of clothing. You are wise if you have spent your extra shekels on the dresses that are to have the most wear. The light, befrilled creations to be worn only on festive occasions may far more wisely be made of cheaper material. The best material that can be afforded should be used in the making of the week-day dresses. The girl whose school dresses are made of cheap material works under a real disadvantage, since an unexpected exposure to rain or other accident literally wilts the garment, and its days of respectability are ended, while a really good cloth is not in the least injured in such a happening.

I hope that you will turn resolutely away from the contemplation of a wrapper of the fussy, tight-lining variety. It affords less actual comfort than a regulation tailor-made costume. A wrapper you must have, of course, but let it be what the name implies. The thing is a possibility—a beautiful Oriental garment, with long, graceful lines, which can be donned in an instant, and fastened with a few loops and frogs. Such a garment is a blessing at times, when in the privacy of your own apartment, you feel special need of relaxation, but remember that only the chronic invalid is excusable for appearing in public in such a state of dishabille.

I hope your mother has been very sensible and taught you the invaluable art of mending and "fixing" in general. The woman who is not mistress of the situation in this respect is an object calculated to make men and angels weep, and certain it is that the victim herself will often indulge in that lugubrious emotion. There is an assurance, an ease, in the bearing of the girl who knows how to make and mend that is utterly lacking in her who must depend upon another.

Wage eternal war against spots and spills. Let the little tray in the new trunk where the toilet accessories are placed carry the simple but effective means of dealing with such accidents. Two or three small "silk" sponges, a bottle of ammonia, another of benzine and another of alcohol; a box of French chalk and a clothes brush of the best quality. See to it that your toilet always suggests dainty freshness rather than constant change of apparel.—Jessie Rogers, in the Pilgrim for September.

Where Health is Fashionable.

Just now, while the military prowess and general staying power of the Japanese are claiming the attention and respect of the civilized world, it is of great interest to note the claims made, by those who know best, as to their advanced attitude toward the whole question of hygiene and physical development. We of the West are all too apt to take it for granted that we stand in the advanced guard of all evolution, and it has become the custom of late years to enlighten the laity by word and pen on their duty to their physiques. Health is the fashion, and its rules are published broadcast. Now we are told that in Japan health is not only the fashion—it is the universal habit. The Japanese people not only know the rules that govern it, but all classes untiringly practice them.

They are the same old rules—we have them all at our tongues' end—breathe deeply and slowly of fresh air, bathe regularly, eat moderately, drink plenty of fresh water. We all know them, we all respect them, but most of us ignore them, except by fits and starts.

With the Japanese the case is different. They are naturally an abstemious people and not great meat-eaters. They have always laid great stress on the value of large quantities of pure water to flush the system and keep the kidneys in good condition, and they are probably the most inveterate bathers in the world. As to their muscular development and control, they are famous, and last, but not least, they place great weight on the importance of cultivating and practicing all the time the fundamental principles of hygiene.

They are to-day pitted against a huge and powerful nation, and are winning victory after victory over their adversaries, not because they outnumber them, not because they are bigger, but largely because their bodies are trained to endurance and their minds to patience and foresight.

The Western nations are beginning to learn the lesson they teach—to practice with patient persistence those laws of health that have been taught so often. The jiu-jistu, the system of body-training practiced by the Japanese for centuries, is the foundation of many modern treatises on physical culture.—Youth's Companion.

Official Russian Correspondence as Reported by Mr. Dooley.

The Czar at home tendin' th' baby, rocks th' crade with wan han an' opins a tillegram with th' other. 'Tis fr'm Gin'ral Kurrypotkin an' it reads: 'En route home. I have th' honor to raport to ye'er majesty that I made a gallant attack on th' Jap-'nese right at 10.30 this mornin'. Our sojers fought like heroes, dhrivin' th' Japs befure thim like chaff befure th' wind. But at 11 o'clock th' chaff turned an' subsequently th' joke was on me. Th' Japs seemed absolutely oblivyous iv human life or their own. Forchnitely there was a thrain in waitin' an' I managed to catch th' last rail. I have tillygrafted th' ar-my to jine me at their own convaynience. I larn fr'm Port Arthur that ye'er majesty's fleet made another sortie at th' inimy again an' after inflictin' much damage on their mines an' torpedoes be rammin' thim, sortied back to their snug haven in Port Arthur where they gallantly repulsed an infantry attack. They ar-re now throwin' up inthrenchments on deck. I will do nawthin' till I larn what th' Jap'nese nex' movement will be. I cannot change me mind often enough to follow th' vagaries iv th' Oryental mind. Kind regards to wife an' little tootsy-wootsyvitch. Ye'ers in haste.' An' th' Czar answers: 'Congratulations on gallant flight. Baby christened to-day. Name follows by freight.'

The Boy at the Mill.

Representative Wade, of Missouri, tells a story to illustrate his views as to the time it will take to prosecute and abolish all the trusts of the country. A small boy he once knew went to a mill with a sack of grain. It was out on the prairie in Iowa. The boy became tired watching the slow turning of the stones, and, turning impatiently to the miller, asked:

"How long is this thing going to take? I am in a hurry."

"Oh," replied the miller, "this is as fast as it can go."

"Well," retorted the boy, "I can eat that flour faster than it is grinding there."

"You might," quoth the miller, "but how long could you keep it up?"

"I could keep it up," the boy answered, "until I starved to death."—Collier's Weekly.

No Need to Be Jealous.

Senator Depew tells of a conversation between two men of his acquaintance, one of whom is the husband of an exceptionally handsome woman.

It appears that one evening after dinner the second man remarked to the proud husband at a moment when the beauty's attention was given elsewhere, "Old man, your wife is such a beautiful creature that I wonder you are not jealous of her."

"To tell you the truth, I am," answered the husband, frankly and with fine disregard of the attempt of his friend to be facetious. "For that reason I never invite any one here that any sane woman could take a fancy to."—Selected.

The Man Who First Ran Night Trains, Henry Gassaway Davis.

Henry Gassaway Davis found his first advancement when he secured the coveted position of brakeman on a freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was not long before he was advanced to the more responsible position of freight conductor, responsible in these days but far more so, relatively, in those. At twenty-four he was again promoted, this time to the position of superintendent in charge of the running of all the trains. He introduced an innovation which marked a decided advance step in railroading. Up to that time, it had not been considered practicable to run trains at night; when nightfall came, freight trains and passenger trains alike were "tied up," their journeys to be resumed only when daylight came. Davis held there was no good reason why they should not be run by night as well as by day, and proved it. His first night train from Cumberland to Baltimore marked an important epoch in railroading.—Leslie's Monthly Magazine for September.